



LORNA, THE
JUNGLE QUEEN

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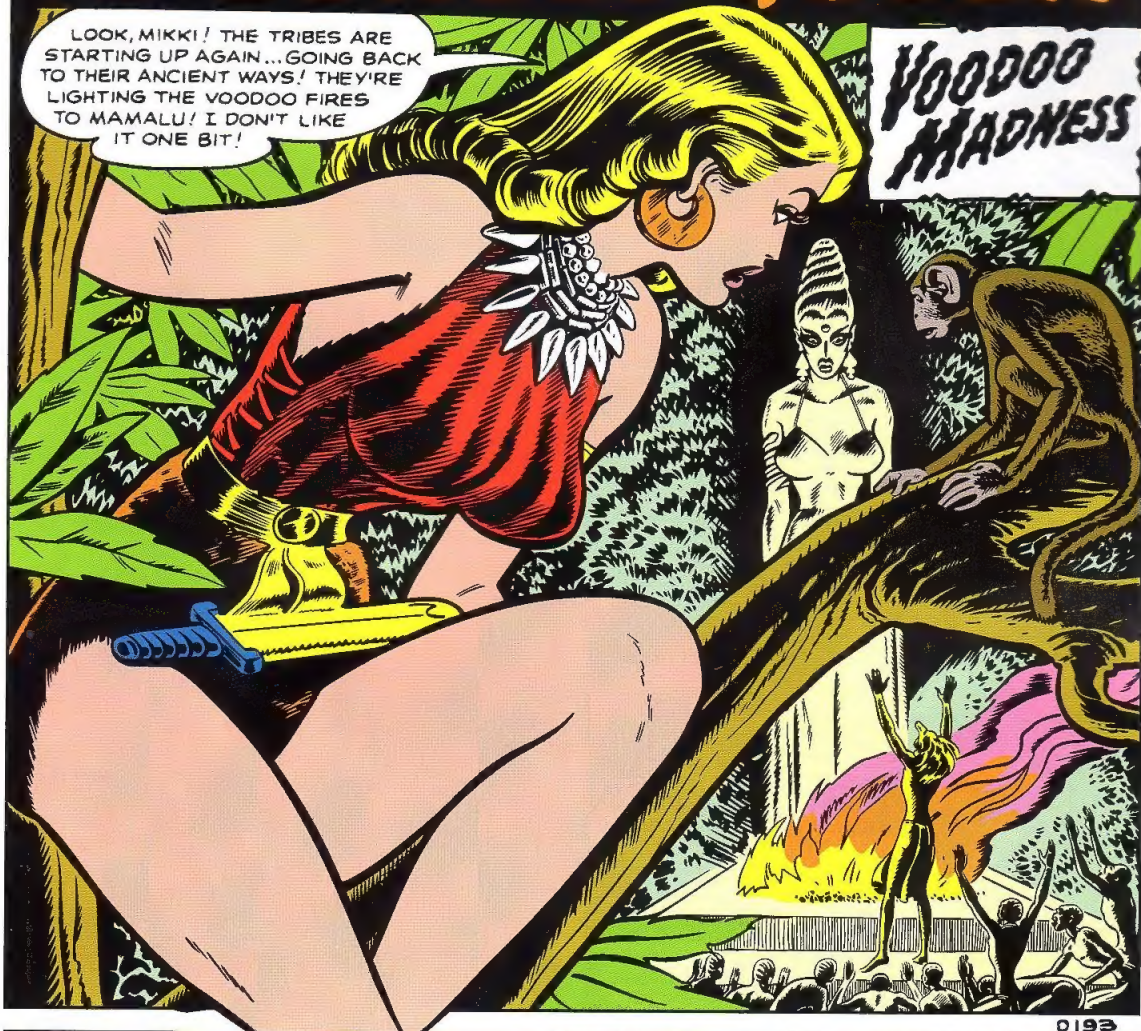
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LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN

LOOK, MIKKI! THE TRIBES ARE STARTING UP AGAIN...GOING BACK TO THEIR ANCIENT WAYS! THEY'RE LIGHTING THE VOODOO FIRES TO MAMALU! I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!

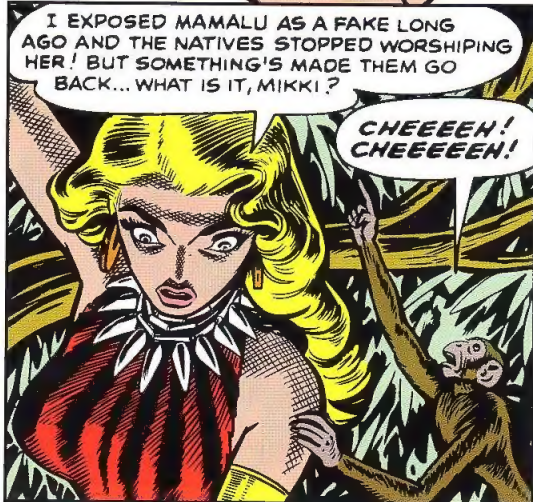
VOODOO MADNESS



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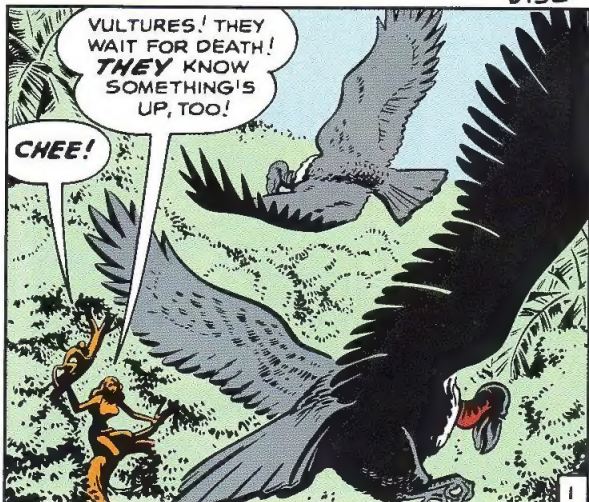
I EXPOSED MAMALU AS A FAKE LONG AGO AND THE NATIVES STOPPED WORSHIPPING HER! BUT SOMETHING'S MADE THEM GO BACK... WHAT IS IT, MIKKI?

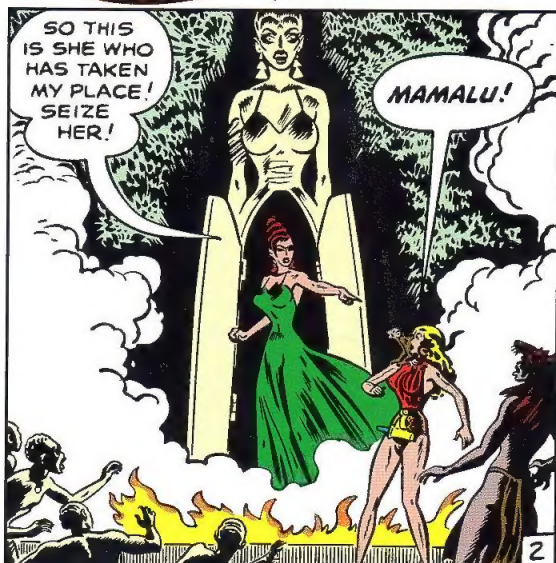
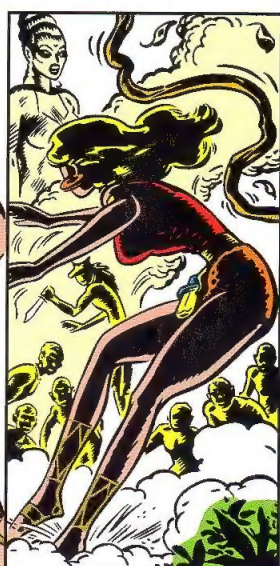
CHEEEH!
CHEEEH!

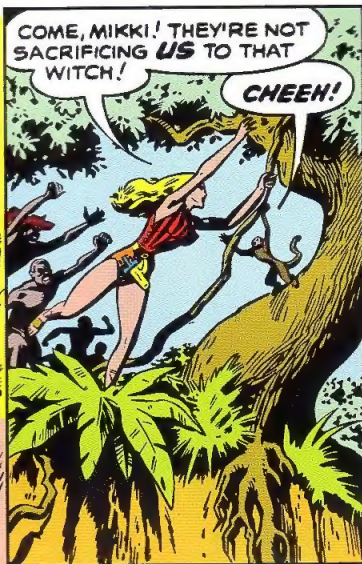


VULTURES! THEY WAIT FOR DEATH! THEY KNOW SOMETHING'S UP, TOO!

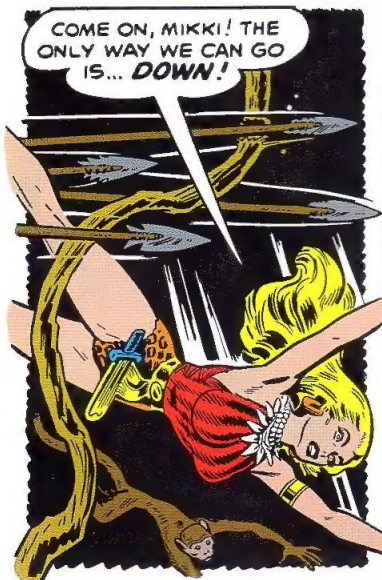
CHEE!



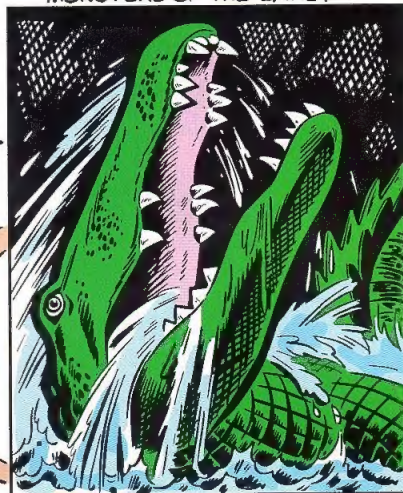




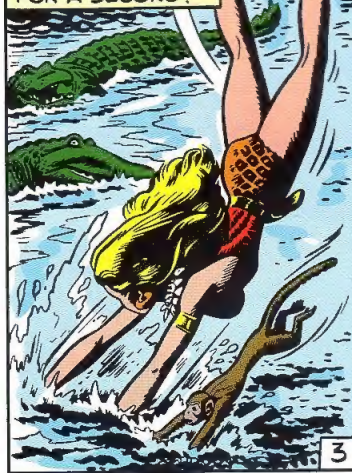
MAMALU AND THE MADDENED MEN ON ONE SIDE... A FAMILY OF ENRAGED LIONS ON THE OTHER! BELOW HER... THE LAKE OF THE CROCODILES!

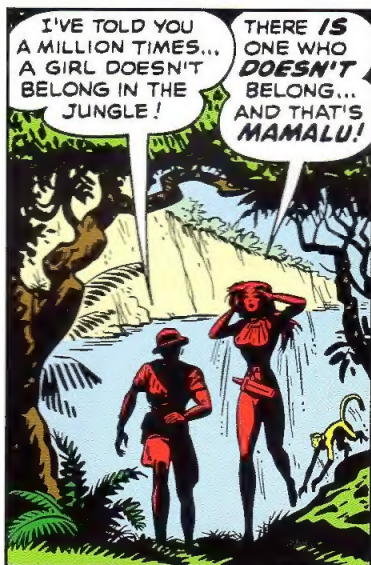
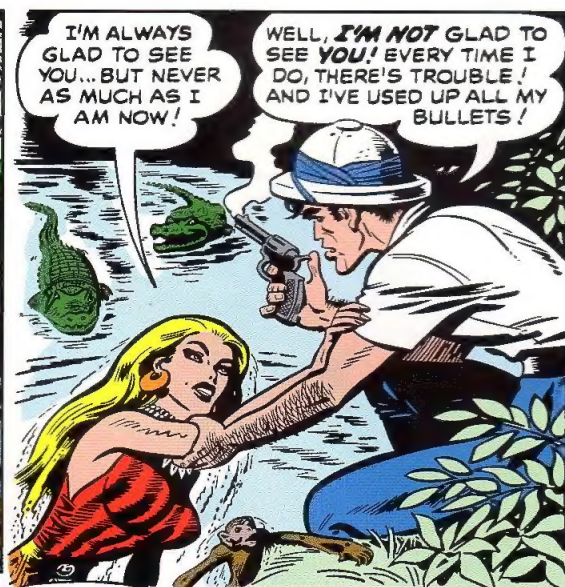
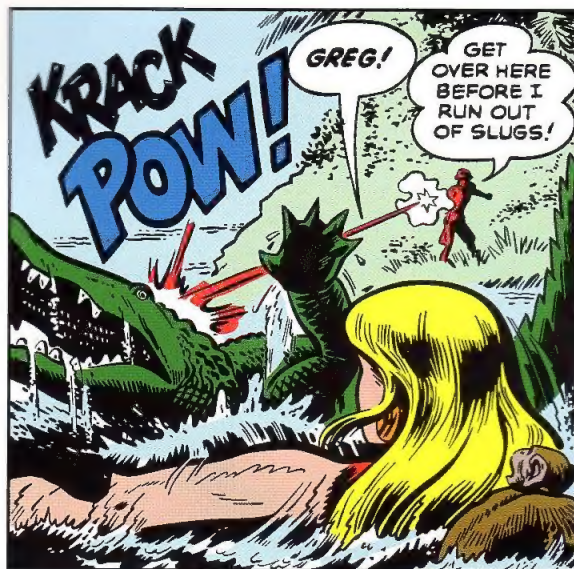


DOWN... STRAIGHT INTO THE YAWNING JAWS OF THE STRONG-TOOTHED MONSTERS OF THE LAKE!



TWISTING AND TURNING IN MID-AIR, LORNA AND MIKKI MISSED THE WAITING DEATH... BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND!







AND **YOU** CANNOT ESCAPE **ME**,
JUNGLE QUEEN! MANY YEARS AGO
I WAS ALL-POWERFUL! I RULED
WITH HATE, VENGEANCE AND
TERROR! AND THEN YOU CAME
TO RULE WITH JUSTICE AND
MERCY! MY SUBJECTS FORGOT
ME AND TURNED TO YOU! BUT
NOW I AM BACK AND THERE IS
ROOM FOR ONLY **ONE QUEEN**
IN THE JUNGLE!

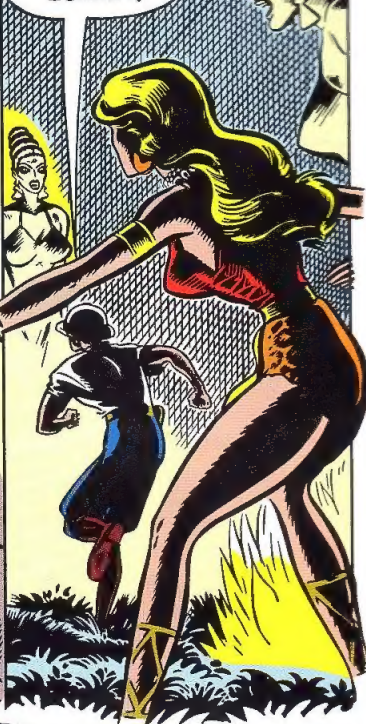


HERE ARE MY SUBJECTS, READY
TO OBEY MY EVERY WORD! THEY
HAVE NO WILL OF THEIR OWN! I
HAVE DRIVEN THEM MAD... MAD
WITH THE CRAZE TO KILL! MAD
WITH HATRED FOR **YOU!** SEIZE
HER! SHE SHALL BE THE
SACRIFICE TO MAMALU!



MAYBE I'M
DREAMING THIS,
BUT I'M TAKING
NO CHANCES!
**RUN FOR IT,
LORNA!**

HA! HA!
HAA!



YIPE! IT'S REAL FIRE!
THIS IS NO DREAM!

HA! HA!
HAAA!



YOU FOOLS! SHE'S
YOUR QUEEN! SHE'S
ALWAYS TREATED
YOU FAIRLY!



IT'S NO USE, GREG! THEY
DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
YOU SAY! THEY'RE UNDER
THE **SPELL OF VOODOO!**

WELL,
I GUESS
THIS IS
OUR
FINISH!

NOT **YOURS**,
HANDSOME
ONE! ONLY
HERS!



YOU SHALL BE
MY MATE! WE
SHALL RULE
THE JUNGLE
WHEN LORNA
IS NO MORE!

FORGET IT!
IF YOU'RE
KILLING
HER, YOU'D
BETTER
FINISH
ME, TOO!



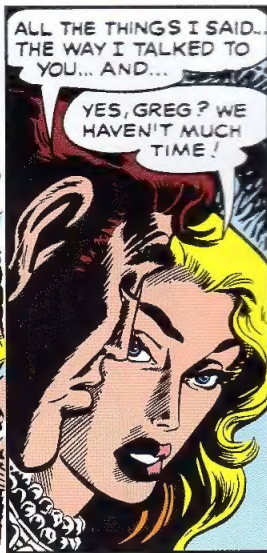


SO BE IT! BRING THEM TO THE SACRIFICIAL FIRES!



LORNA... BEFORE WE GO... THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO KNOW...

YES, GREG...?

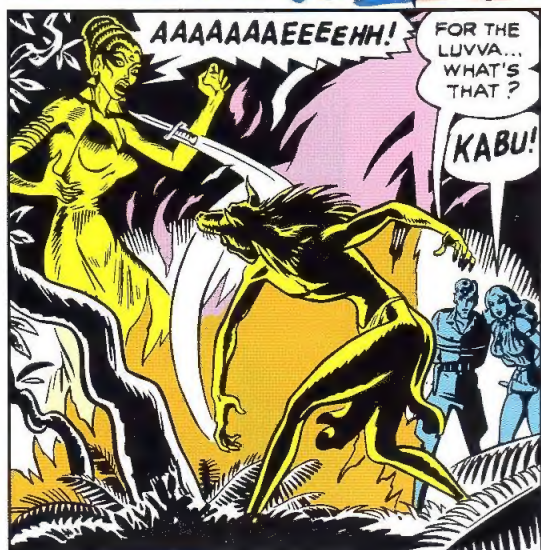


ALL THE THINGS I SAID... THE WAY I TALKED TO YOU... AND...

YES, GREG? WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!



YOU HAVE NO TIME! STRIKE! STRIKE WITH THE KNIFE OF VOODOO!



AAAAAAEEEEHH!

FOR THE LUVVA... WHAT'S THAT?

KABU!



I DIED BECAUSE OF YOU... BECAUSE YOU PROMISED I WOULD BE YOUR MATE! BUT YOU BETRAYED YOUR PROMISE AND SOUGHT ANOTHER! THE POWER OF VOODOO GAVE ME LIFE... FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE... SO I COULD TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME, MY BELOVED!



GOOD-BY, O JUNGLE QUEEN! WE SHALL NOT DISTURB THE PEACE OF THE JUNGLE AGAIN!

THEY... THEY'RE GONE!



LATER...

YES, AND THE NATIVES ARE THEMSELVES AGAIN! HATRED AND TERROR ARE GONE FROM THEIR MINDS! NOW, GREG, WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING TO ME?

HUH? OH, THAT!



IT'S JUST THAT GIRLS DON'T BELONG IN THE JUNGLE... VOODOO GODDESS OR JUNGLE GODDESS!

SOME DAY, GREG, I HOPE I'LL BE JUST YOUR OWN PERSONAL GODDESS!

THE END

TIGER'S TRAIL

IT was shortly after daybreak when Ralph Lawson rubbed the sleep from his eyes and with an effort swung his feet over the side of the cot. Even at this early hour the jungle was awake. Just beyond the doorway of his bamboo shack he could hear the sounds of monkeys chattering noisily in the branches, and the sound of metal as his boy set the pots and pans in order for an early breakfast.

He had been in India three years now. One more month and he would be ready to return home. This thought seemed to give him new energy. He dressed quickly, shaved, and in a short while he was finishing the coffee and biscuits that Bon-tah, his native helper, had prepared.

Bon-tah, an agile native of the Bengal Province, squatted beside him as he swallowed the last of his coffee.

"Sahib go make last check on railroad line this morning?" Bon-tah asked. He squinted up at Ralph Lawson, waiting for his reply.

"Yes, Bon-tah. The very last check. Then it's home for me."

"Good, Sahib, good," said Bon-tah. "I go fetch gun now," and he scampered away toward the rear of the shack.

When Bon-tah returned, Lawson took the gun from him and with an experienced hand he

slid back the bolt. The gun was empty, since he had cleaned it the night before. Reaching into the knapsack that rested at his feet, he withdrew a box of cartridges. Then, one by one, he loaded five shells into the chamber. He placed the balance of the shells in his shirt pocket.

Bon-tah watched the proceedings in an alert manner. His dark eyes followed the quick movements of Lawson's hands with a look of admiration and awe for the white man's skill.

After sliding the bolt back into firing position, he put the heavy rifle to his shoulder. He then swung his knapsack to his other shoulder, and with his right hand, he grasped the long pole that Bon-tah handed him.

This pole was a strange contraption. It was a little over six feet in length and at the tip there was a large, iron hook.

Lawson was taking a last look about the camp when Bon-tah approached him.

"Master, Sahib," he said. "I would like very much to go with you this day."

"There's no need of that," said Lawson.

Bon-tah shrugged his shoulders in a manner of acceptance.

"As you wish, Sahib," he said. "But I have heard talk that large tiger is nearby."

"I've heard that tiger talk for three years now," said Lawson, laughingly.

He gave Bon-tah an affectionate pat on the shoulder and, turning quickly, he walked down the narrow trail that led away from the camp.

In a few moments he was in the jungle. The thick, dank vegetation almost blotted out the path he was following. It grew hungrily. The tendrils seemingly reached out for him—wrapping themselves about his ankles as though they would keep him from going another step. He kicked viciously at their restraining grasp and plodded onward along the trail.

Ralph Lawson knew this country well. For three years, almost each week without fail, he had traveled this same stretch of land. At the waterfall he would turn sharply to the left and another half mile would bring him to the jungle's edge. Here would be a stream, and alongside it the single-track railroad line that carried food and supplies to the jute plantations further north. His job was a simple one, but of vital importance.

He would walk along the length of track, and with his hooked pole he would tear away the gnarled vines that had twisted themselves, like serpents, about the overhead telegraph wires.

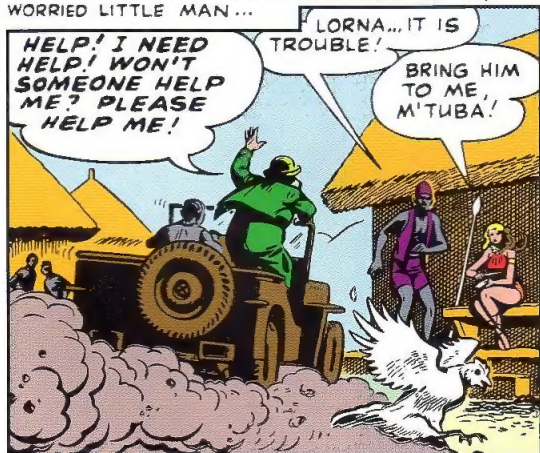
For three years he had been at it—and this was to be his last trip. It would be difficult

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...

LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN



IT BEGAN WHEN THE NATIVE VILLAGE WAS STARTLED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A DESPERATE, WORRIED LITTLE MAN...





I'M MONTY MORTIMER, AND I COLLECT WILD ANIMALS FOR CIRCUSES! I'VE JUST COME FROM INDIA TO COLLECT LIONS HERE... AND ONE OF THE INDIAN BEASTS ESCAPED!

A TIGER?



YES! HAVE YOU SEEN IT? OH, THE POOR THING! IT'LL BE KILLED! IT DOESN'T KNOW ITS WAY AROUND THESE PARTS!

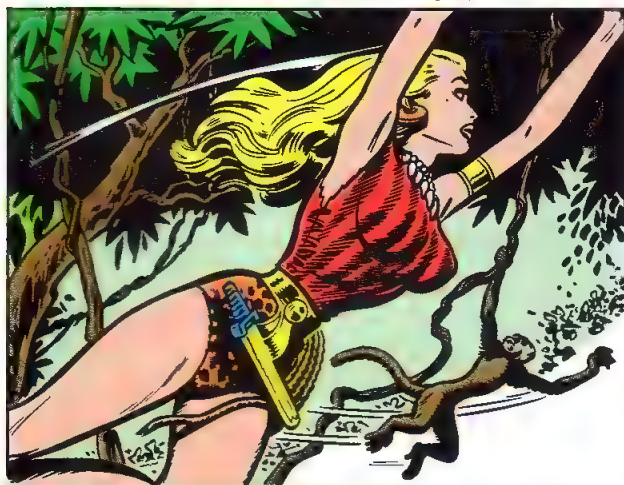
I'VE SEEN ONLY ITS TRACKS... BUT I WAS SURE I WAS WRONG!



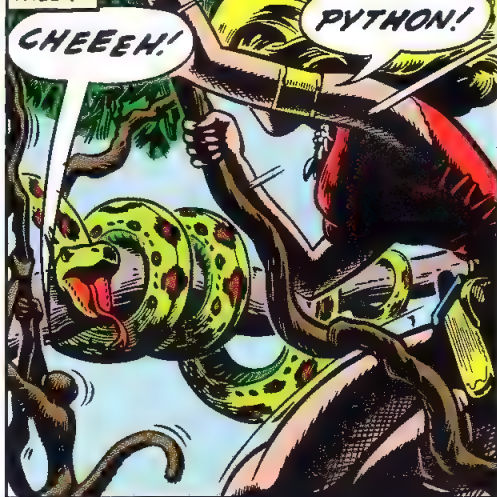
GET YOUR NATIVES! CATCH IT! IT COST ME A LOT AND I DON'T WANT IT KILLED!

I'LL TRY TO GET IT, BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT WORRIES ME!

THE JUNGLE QUEEN'S FLIGHT WAS SWIFT AND SURE! FROM TREE-TOP TO TREE-TOP... LEAPING FROM CLIFF TO CLIFF... HURLING THE ENTANGLED AND THORNY BRUSH, SHE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE TIGER!



BUT HIDDEN DANGERS LURKED EVERYWHERE, EVEN FOR THE BEAUTIFUL RULER OF THE WILD!



CHEEEH!

PYTHON!

AS THE SERPENT READIED ITSELF FOR THE KILL, LORNA LEAPED... STRAIGHT FOR ITS TAIL!

ASTOUNDED AND CONFUSED BY LORNA'S ACTIONS, THE SNAKE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO STRIKE FIRST AS LORNA GRABBED AND TWISTED ITS TAIL INTO A LOOP!

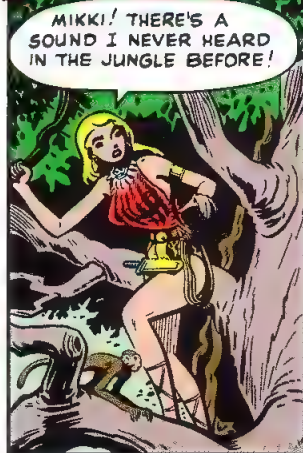
THAT SHOULD KEEP OLD SERPO OUT OF ACTION FOR AWHILE! COME ON, MIKKI!



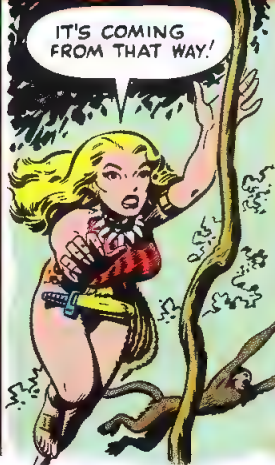
I DISTURBED IT SUNNING ITSELF! IF I CAN ACT BEFORE IT'S WIDE AWAKE, I'LL HAVE A CHANCE!



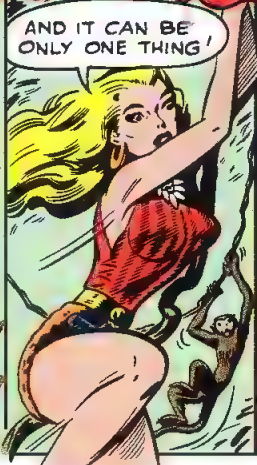
RARAROOOCHAROARCH!



MIKKI! THERE'S A SOUND I NEVER HEARD IN THE JUNGLE BEFORE!



IT'S COMING FROM THAT WAY!

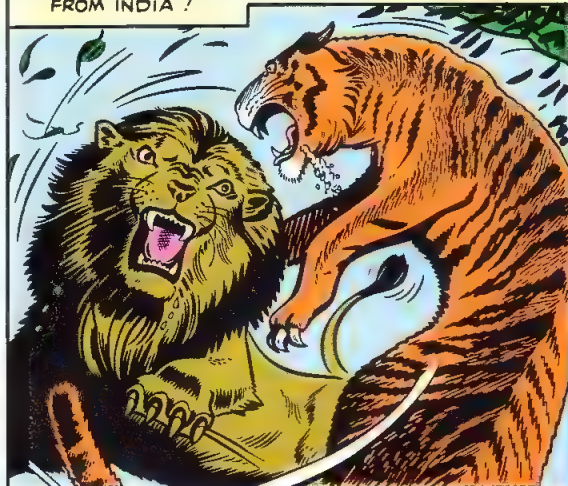


AND IT CAN BE ONLY ONE THING!



GREAT THUNDER!

LOCKED IN SAVAGE BATTLE, FANGS RIPPING, CLAWS SLASHING, EVERY MUSCLE STRAINED TO THE LIMIT, WERE THE KING OF BEASTS AND THE VICIOUS INVADER FROM INDIA!



THE LION HAD WEAKENED UNDER THE ATTACK OF THE INTRUDER! SUDDENLY THE TIGER'S FANGS SANK INTO THE LION'S THROAT AND THE BATTLE WAS OVER!



NOW IS MY CHANCE!

THE SILENT LASSO SWEEPED OUT TOWARD THE TIGER...



BUT SUDDENLY A RIFLE CRACKED! THE BULLET SPRAYED DUST AT THE TIGER'S FEET AND THE BEAST SPRANG ASIDE!

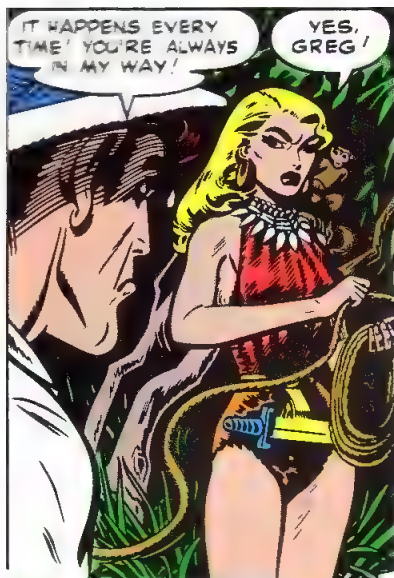


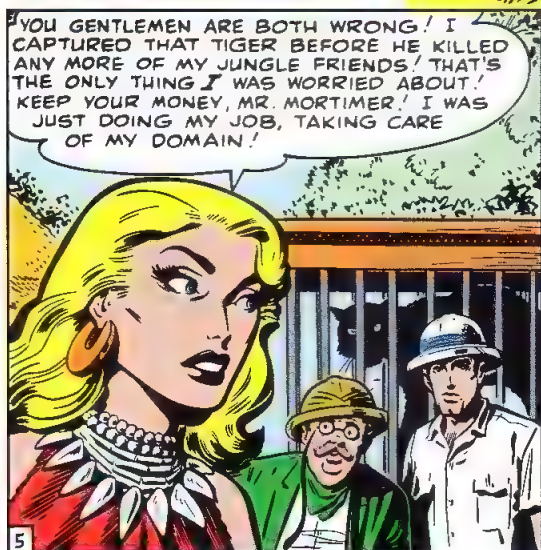
THE NEXT INSTANT, IT WAS GONE ...

WHAT FOOL SPOILED MY SHOT WITH THAT ROPE? LORNA! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!



THIS IS ONE TIME I'M **NOT** GLAD TO SEE YOU, GREG!





for him to leave Bon-tah. He had grown fond of him during these past three years, but then all things have to come to an end at one time or another.

As he hurried along he thought of Bon-tah telling him that there had been talk of a tiger in the vicinity. He laughed to himself as he pushed onward through the jungle. It was ridiculous! For three years he had walked this same path and not once, in all his trips, had he faced a single danger. It was true that he had carried his rifle, but it was only a precaution that the good Bon-tah had always insisted upon.

The thought of the gun caused him to stop momentarily. He had been walking quickly, and he felt a bit winded from the strain. He shifted the gun to his other shoulder to relieve the pressure and, taking a deep breath, he hurried on.

A few minutes later he reached the waterfall, and turning left he followed the familiar well-worn path. He covered the last half mile quickly, and a short while later he was out of the jungle.

The track-line lay winding before him, and within a few minutes he was tearing away the vines with his long pole.

Slowly he plodded his way up the track. It was strenuous work and, as he went along, the weight of his knapsack and rifle became unbearable. He stopped a moment to rest, and to relieve his burden he unslung his rifle

and rested it against the trunk of a tree.

Fifteen minutes later he had reached the turn in the line. Once around that bend, his job would be over. From there on the line was clear of vines.

As he approached the turn, some hidden sense warned him of danger. The air had become stilled. Not a leaf stirred. The trees that had been filled with the chatter of monkeys were now hushed and silent.

And then he saw it.

Lying there at the turn, as though it were waiting for him, was the tiger. Unblinking yellow eyes in a large, fierce head stared defiantly into his own eyes.

A second passed . . . then another. At any moment he expected the spring, the crashing weight of the beast upon him and — oblivion. Somehow it didn't come.

Slowly he raised his hand to his shoulder, but his rifle was gone. He felt a sudden nausea as the image of the rifle resting against the tree trunk flashed through his mind.

He almost fled in wild panic, but his instinct warned him against such action. His only chance was his rifle. Somehow he had to get back to it.

Slowly he stepped backwards. Like a given signal, the tiger rose to its feet and, with its cat-like stalk, the huge beast followed him at an equal pace back along the trail he had come.

The minutes dragged and then, through the corner of his eye, he caught sight of the tree. *If his luck would only hold out a bit longer*, he thought.

Slowly he backed toward the tree, and the tiger, as though confident of his victim, continued to approach in the same slow and measured step.

Now was his only chance, he thought. His hand reached back and in another moment it closed about the smooth barrel. In a flash he brought it to his shoulder, but the tiger, sensing danger, made a quick leap into the jungle and was gone.

The strain over, Ralph Lawson sank wearily to the ground. In another moment he heard a sound of running footsteps and suddenly Bon-tah was at his side.

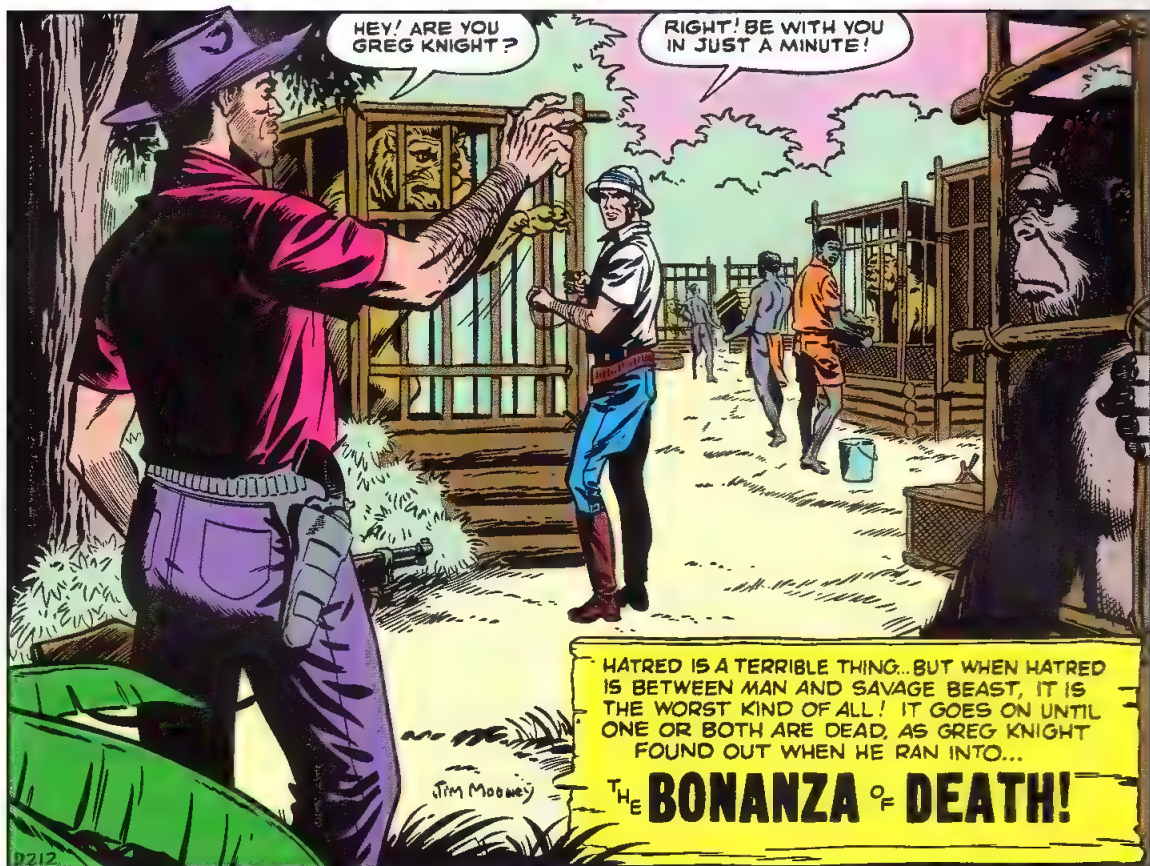
"Sahib! Sahib!" he shouted. "Tiger really here. Two people killed last night in village!"

"I know," said Lawson. "I just met him, and I almost got a shot at him, but he broke for it."

"But, Sahib," said Bon-tah, and he looked at Ralph Lawson's hands in a puzzled manner. "Where is your gun?"

Ralph Lawson followed Bon-tah's questioning glance and what he saw made his blood run cold. In his tightly gripped hands was nothing but a bamboo shoot. He turned quickly, and there—still resting against the tree—was his rifle.

THE JUNGLE ADVENTURES OF GREG KNIGHT





I'LL GET THE DIRTY BEAST!

HOLD IT! I WANT HIM ALIVE!



GUESS YOU MEANT WELL, BUT MY BOYS AND I COULD HAVE HANDLED HIM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TREAT A LION ON A RAMPAGE... KILL HIM DEAD! MY NAME IS LAWSON! I WANT TO HIRE YOU AS A GUIDE!



THAT'S MY BUSINESS! WHAT ARE YOU OUT FOR?

GOLD. THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR! WHERE'S THE KUKAI COUNTRY?



DEEP IN THE JUNGLE! BUT I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL FIND ANY GOLD BONANZA THERE!

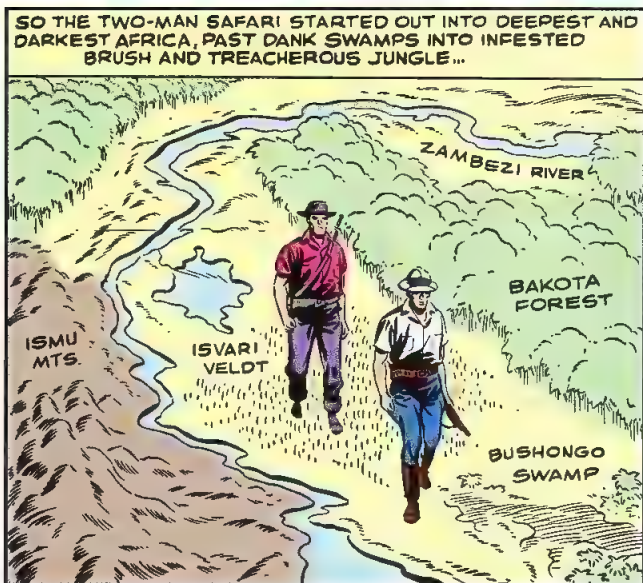
THAT'S MY LOOKOUT! YOURS IS TO GUIDE ME AND THAT'S ALL!



BAD ONE, BWANA! KILL TOO FAST! ANIMALS SEE HIM ...GET MAD! LOOK!

I SEE, LUBU... BUT HE'S GREEN HERE AND TRIGGER-HAPPY! HE'LL BE OKAY ONCE HE GETS USED TO THE PLACE!

ROARR! ROARRR!

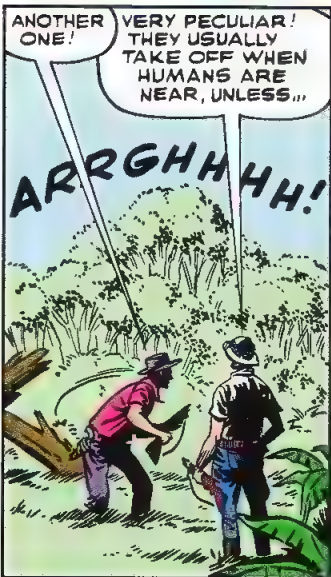
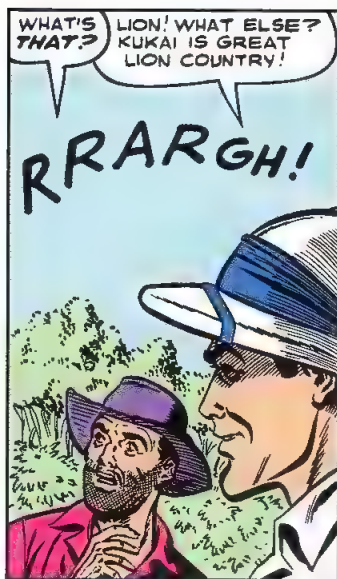


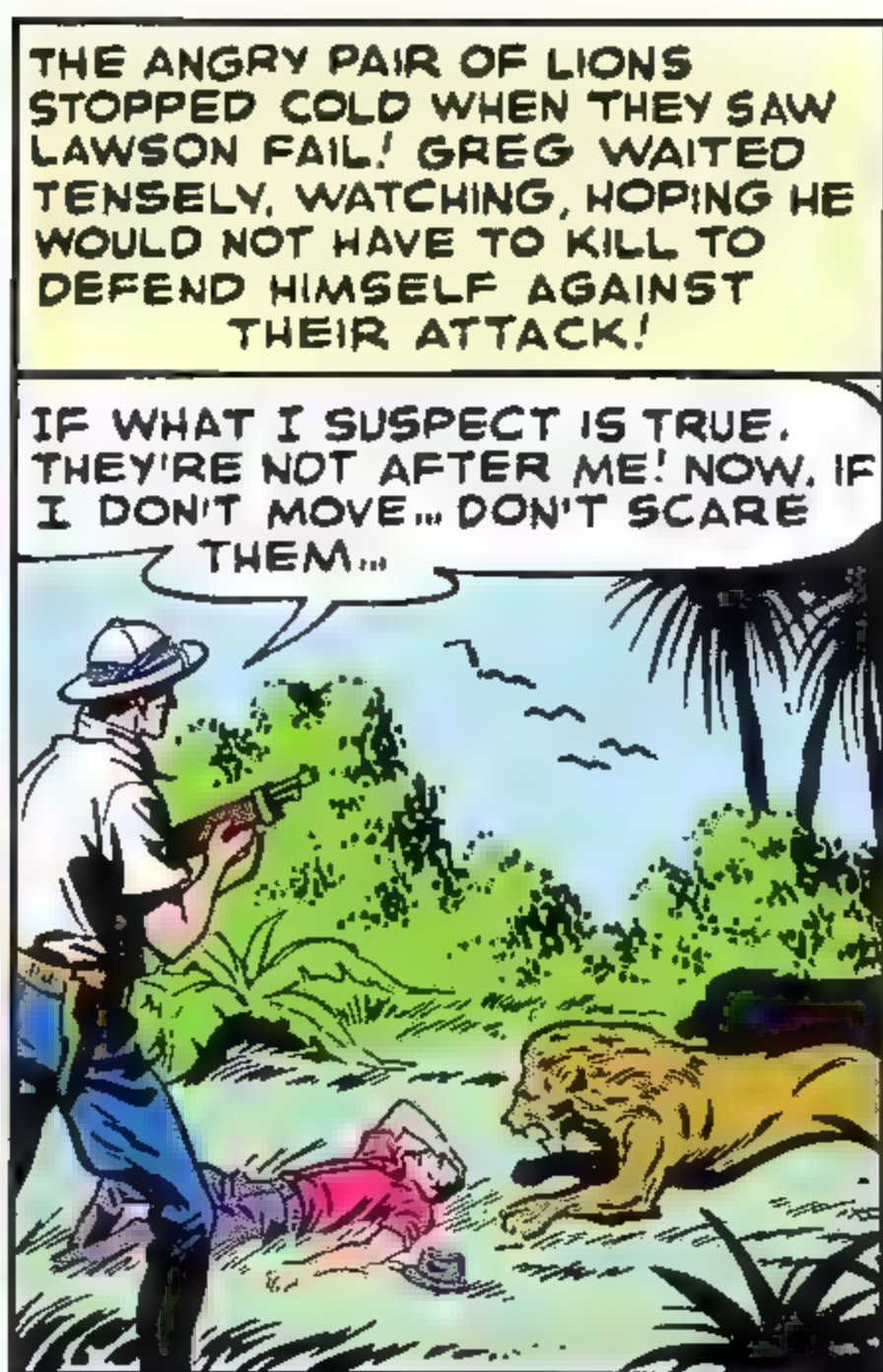
SO THE TWO-MAN SAFARI STARTED OUT INTO DEEPEST AND DARKEST AFRICA, PAST DANK SWAMPS INTO INFESTED BRUSH AND TREACHEROUS JUNGLE...

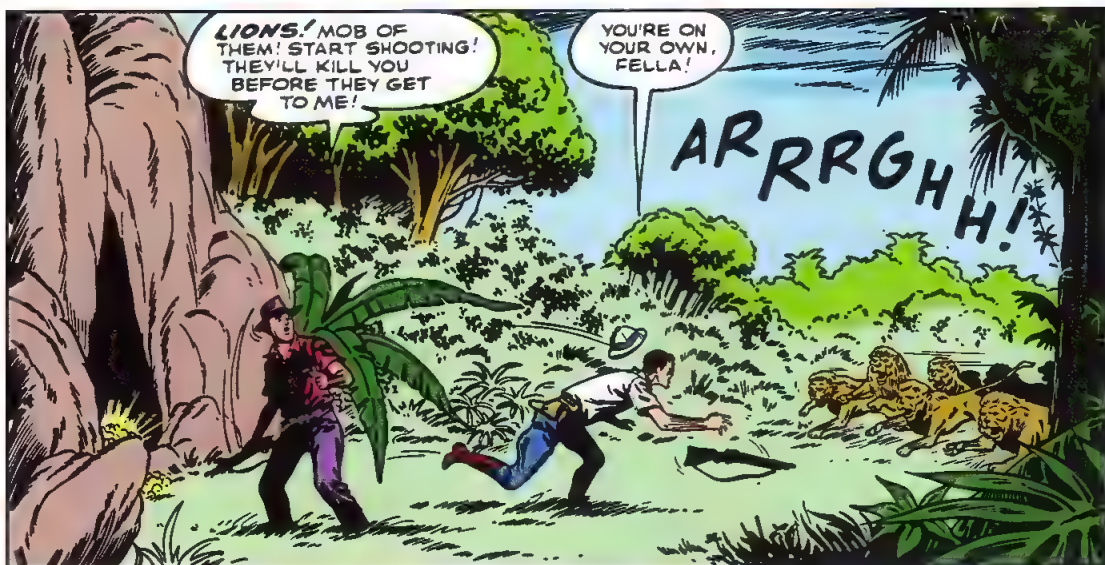
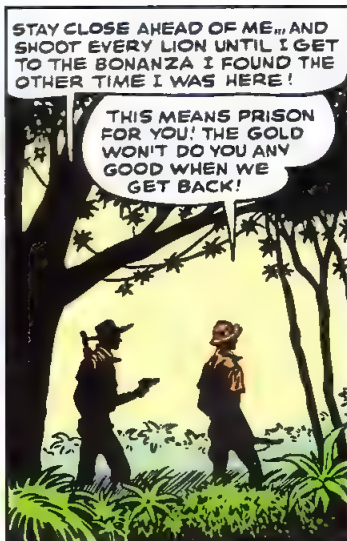
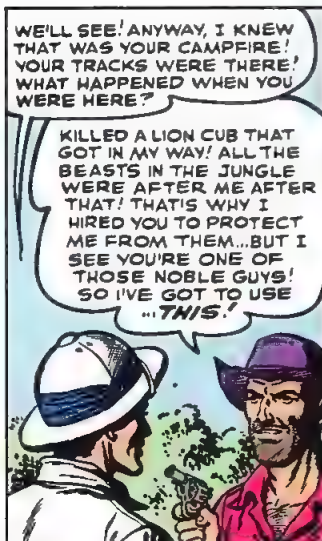


HMM! THIS IS ODD! SOMEONE CAMPED HERE NOT TOO LONG AGO... A WHITE MAN! A NATIVE WOULDN'T BUILD A FIRE LIKE THIS! HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE, LAWSON?

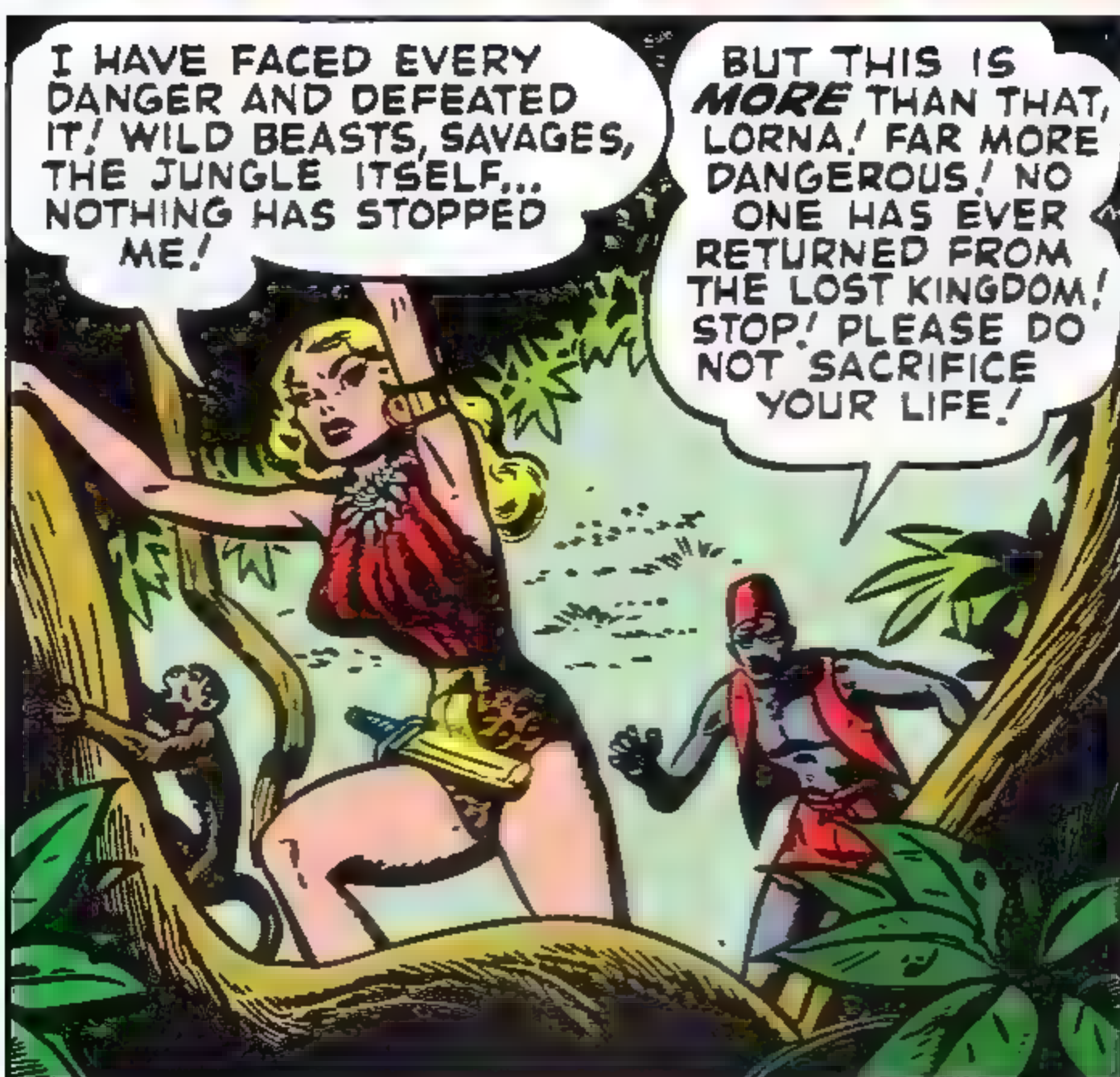
HUH? NOT ME! FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN IN HERE! THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU TO GUIDE ME! LET'S GET ON WITH IT!







LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN



AS THE BEAUTIFUL JUNGLE QUEEN LEAPED FROM TREE TO TREE IN HER FLIGHT TOWARD DANGER AND DEATH, SHE REMEMBERED WHAT HAD LED HER TO THIS...





I'M GOING TO ASK YOU THE IMPOSSIBLE, KNIGHT! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME FIND **THE LOST KINGDOM!**

THE LOST KINGDOM? I'VE HEARD OF IT... BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY A **MYTH!**



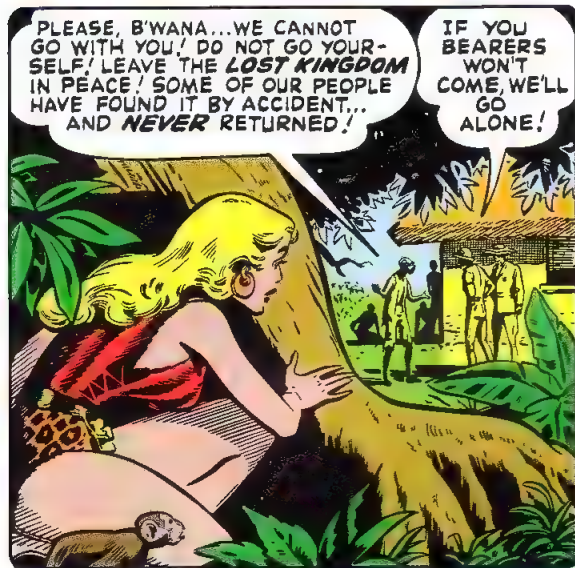
IS IT? DO YOU NOTICE THE WAY THE NATIVES CLAM UP WHEN YOU MENTION IT? THEY **KNOW** IT EXISTS!

BUT THEY MUST HAVE SOME REASON FOR BEING AFRAID OF IT, SPENCER!



WHAT DO **WE** CARE? I'M PAYING YOU TO FIND IT! IS IT A DEAL?

A JOB'S A JOB! IT'S A DEAL! WE'LL START AT ONCE!



PLEASE, B'WANA...WE CANNOT GO WITH YOU! DO NOT GO YOURSELF! LEAVE THE **LOST KINGDOM** IN PEACE! SOME OF OUR PEOPLE HAVE FOUND IT BY ACCIDENT... AND **NEVER** RETURNED!

IF YOU BEARERS WON'T COME, WE'LL GO ALONE!



WELL, IF IT'S LOST... AND THE NATIVES WON'T HELP US... HOW DO WE FIND IT?

THERE'S **ONE** PLACE I'VE **NEVER** BEEN... AND THE NATIVES ALWAYS SEEMED TO STEER ME AWAY FROM THERE! IT'S A POINT DIRECTLY NORTH OF HERE! WE'LL TRY IT!



GREG!

DO NOT FEAR, O QUEEN! HE WILL NOT FIND IT! HE WILL RETURN!



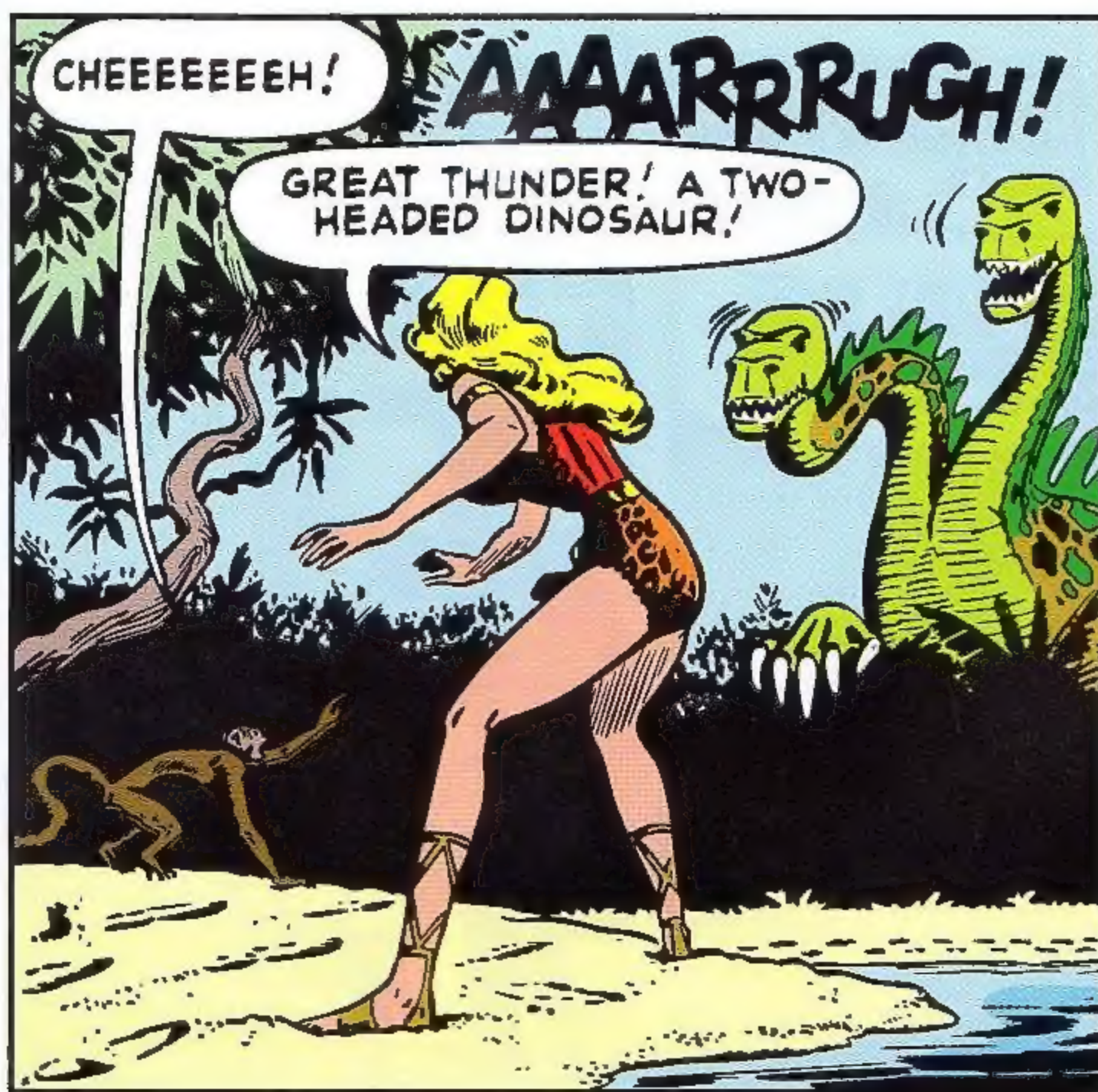
BUT GREG AND SPENCER VANISHED! IT'S BEEN A WEEK AND NOTHING'S BEEN HEARD OF THEM! MIKKI, LOOK FOR SIGNS OF THEIR TRAIL!

CHEEH!



I SEE! TRACKS ALONG THE RIVER BANK... AND FRESH ONES AT THAT! GOOD WORK, MIKKI!

CHEEEH!



CHEEEEEEEH!

AAAARRRUGH!

GREAT THUNDER! A TWO-HEADED DINOSAUR!

THE TWO GREAT HEADS LUNGED FOR THE JUNGLE QUEEN, TWO SETS OF JAWS GAPING WIDE FOR THE KILL!



TRY TO KEEP ONE HEAD BUSY WHILE I HANDLE THE OTHER, MIKKI!

CHEEEE... CHEEEH!

SWIFT AS A LIGHTNING FLASH, LORNA STRUCK AT ONE SAVAGE HEAD!



A BRAIN WOUND! THAT SHOULD FINISH ONE HEAD!

URUGH!



THANKS, MIKKI! I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

CHEEEH!

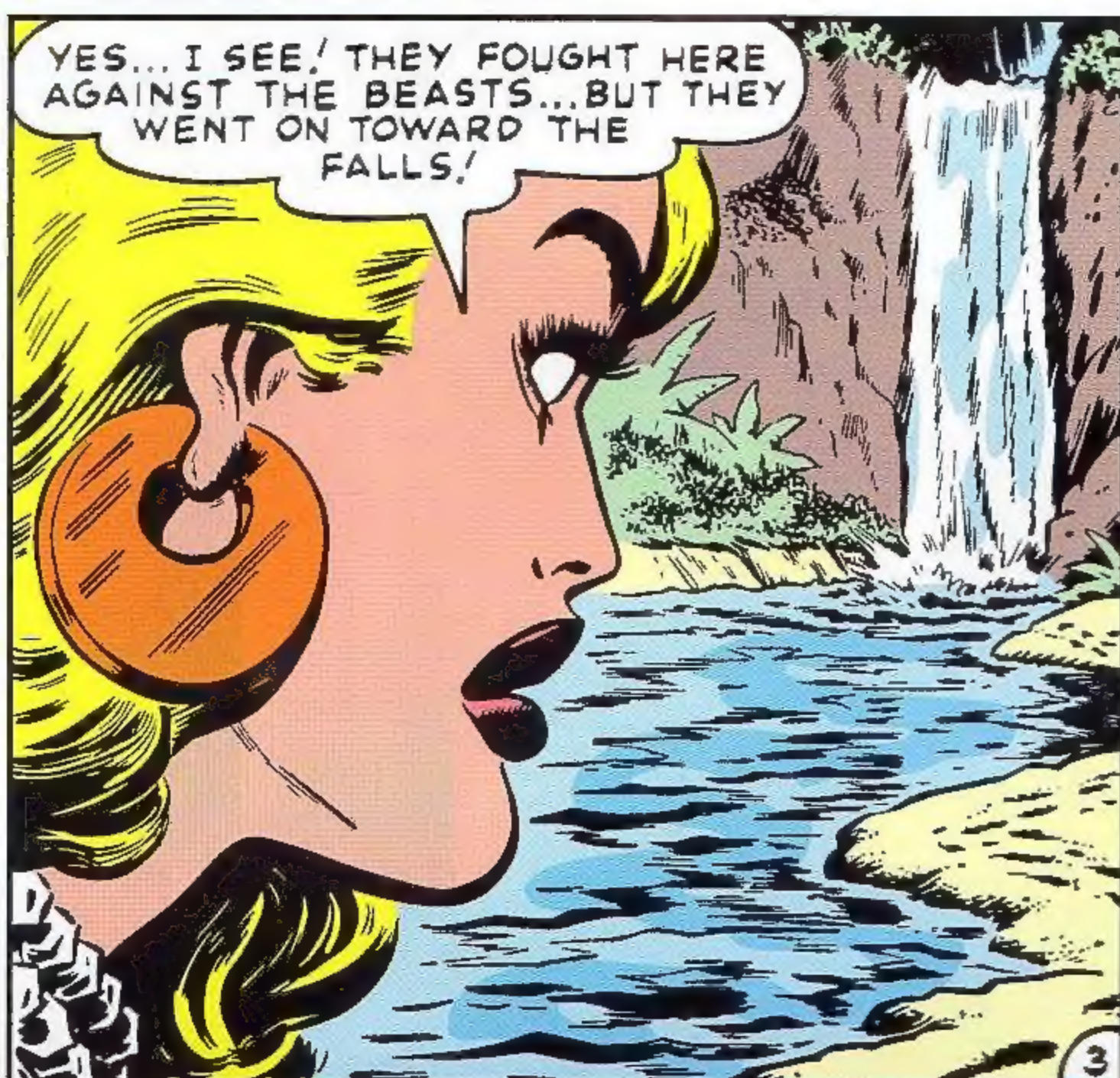


UGLY... BUT SLOW! AND A SOFT SKULL! ALL IN MY FAVOR!

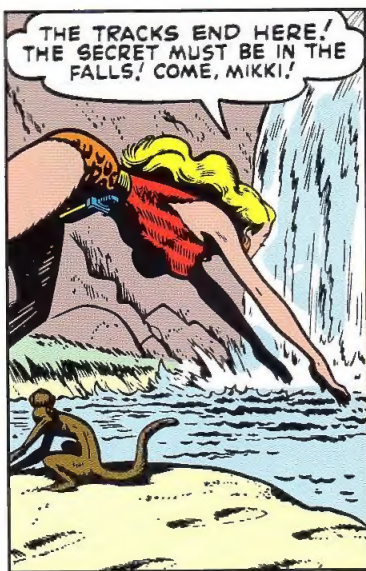


LOOK, MIKKI! MORE PRIMITIVE TYPES OF BEASTS! WONDER IF *THEY'RE* THE GUARDIANS OF THE *LOST KINGDOM*? MAYBE THEY GOT GREG!

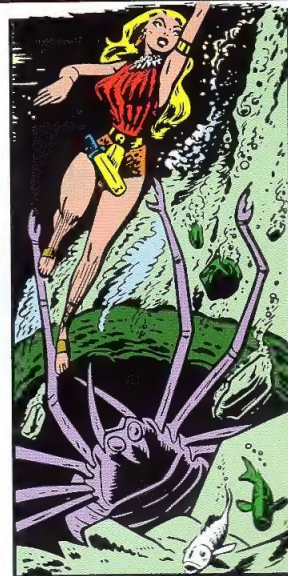
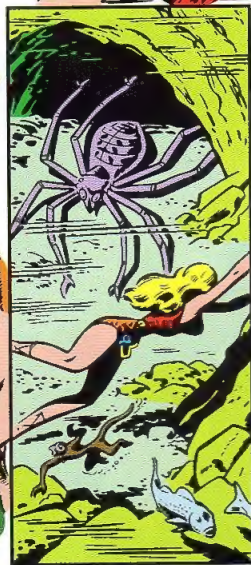
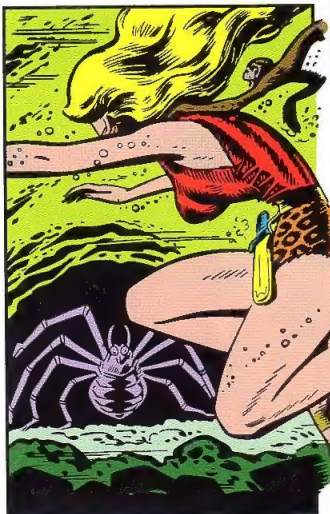
CHEEEH!



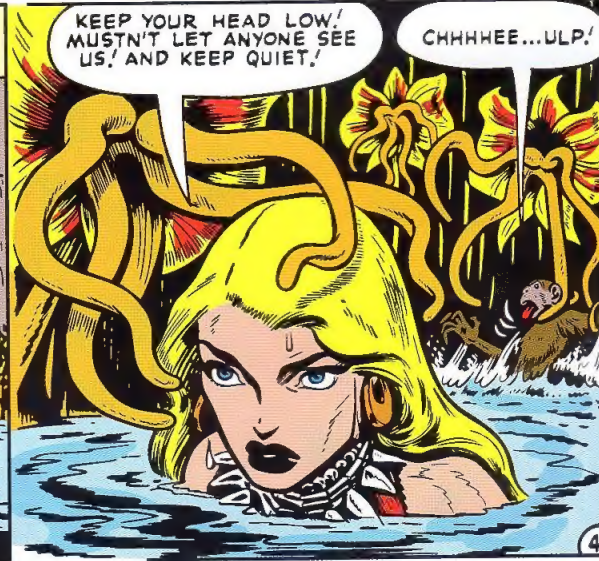
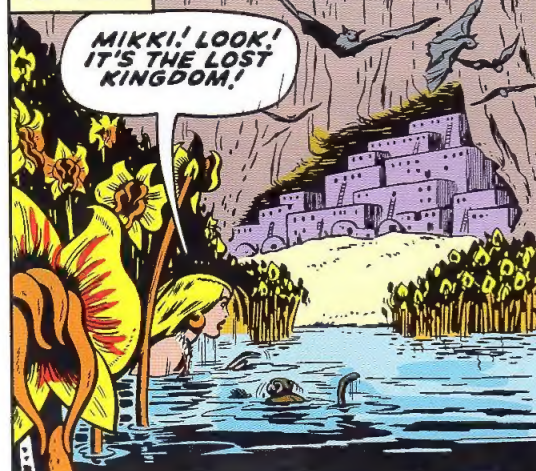
YES... I SEE! THEY FOUGHT HERE AGAINST THE BEASTS... BUT THEY WENT ON TOWARD THE FALLS!



SUDDENLY, ANOTHER PERIL
CAME INTO VIEW!



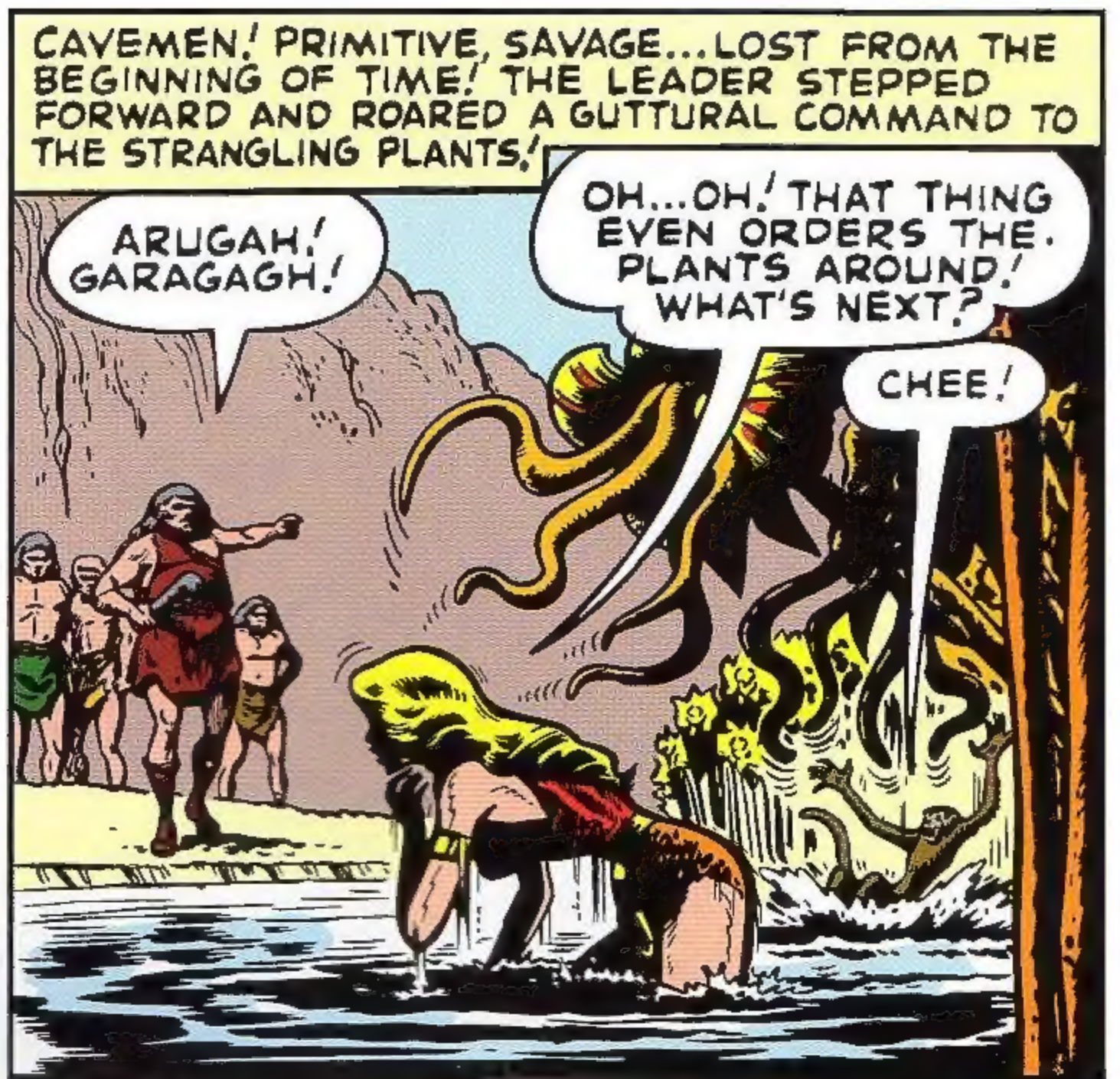
PAST THE LAST DANGER, LORNA AND MIKKI
ENTERED THE UNDERWATER CAVERN AND
CAME TO THE SURFACE ON THE OTHER SIDE,
TO FIND...





ULP! THIS PLACE IS CERTAINLY WELL-GUARDED! AND HERE COME OUR HOSTS!

CHEE...UGH!



ARUGAH! GARAGAGH!

OH...OH! THAT THING EVEN ORDERS THE PLANTS AROUND! WHAT'S NEXT?

CHEE!

A HIDEOUS GRIN SPREAD OVER THE LEADER'S FACE AT THE SIGHT OF THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN...

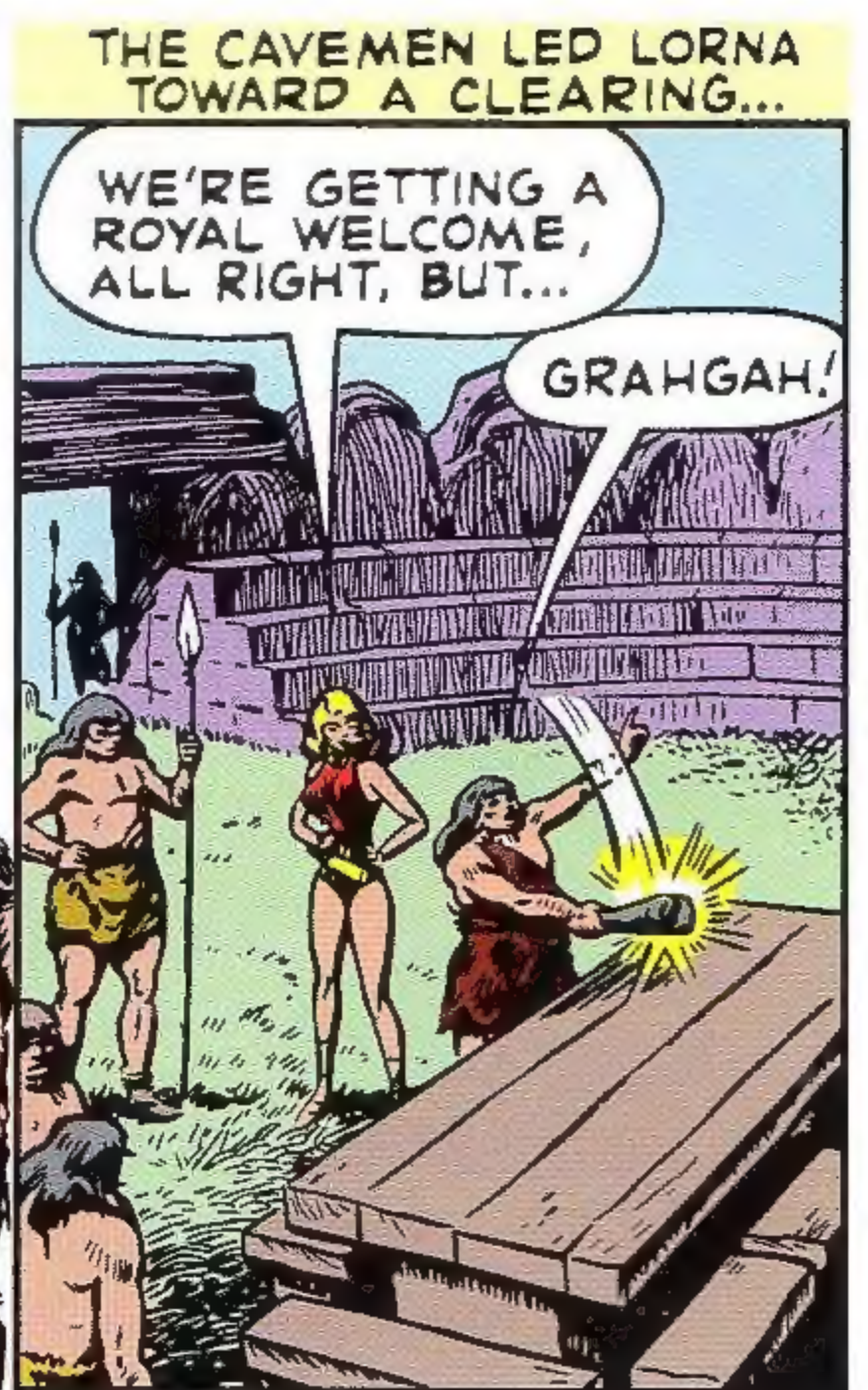


EEEEGOOH!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, MIKKI! BUT WE'LL PLAY IT SAFE FOR NOW!



HE WANTS US TO GO WITH HIM! GUESS HE LIKES ME! THAT'S WHY HE ORDERED THE PLANTS TO RELEASE ME! BUT WHERE'S GREG? DID HE GET PAST THE DINOSAUR, THE SPIDER AND THE PLANTS... OR...?



THE CAVEMEN LED LORNA TOWARD A CLEARING...

WE'RE GETTING A ROYAL WELCOME, ALL RIGHT, BUT...

GRAHGAH!



GREG...AND THE EXPLORER! SLAVES OF THE CAVEMEN!



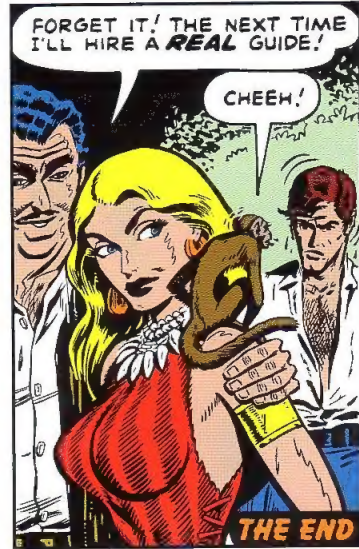
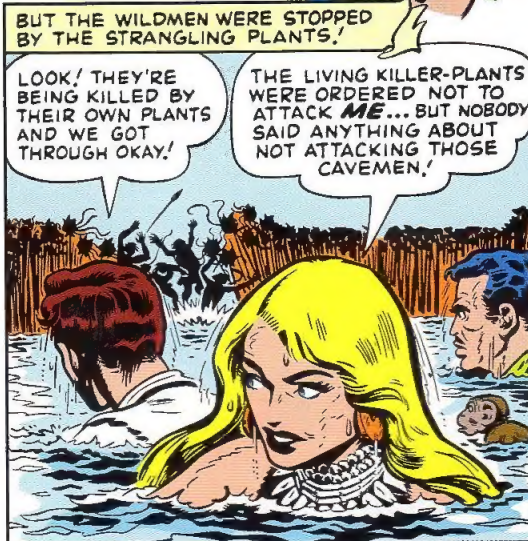
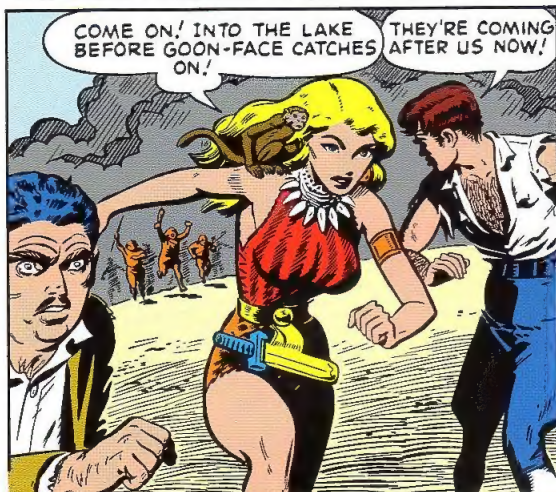
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME, LORNA! THE OTHERS WHO DID WERE KILLED! HE SAVED US AS SLAVES, AND THE WAY HE'S ACTING TOWARD YOU, HE WANTS YOU FOR HIS QUEEN!

UGH! I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS! SLIP ME YOUR CIGARETTE LIGHTER! I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING!

GOOROOH!



THE BURNING GRASS SET UP A THICK AND CHOKING SMOKE SCREEN, HIDING THE SUDDEN ACTION OF THE THREE PRISONERS IN THE LOST KINGDOM!



FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER

